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POETRY.

THE DESERTED SCHOOL-HOUSE.

SOMEWHERE, where the sun
As it rose above the trees;
Sad and lonely was the music
Wrought around it by the breeze;
Mournfully it seemed to whisper
Of the merry hours now past;
And the leaves gave back an echo
To the murmur of the blast.
From the roof had fallen the chimney,
And the hinges of the door
Had uncoupled their hold upon it,
Creaked to open to no more;
Worn the threshold by the friction
Of young feet that now are old,
Or from earth long since departed,
And alas, now, now "turned to mould."
Moss had closely twined around it—
Sought to hide its sure decay,
While a passing gleam of sunlight
Warned the spider to his prey;
But the worm had eaten through it,
And it crumbled to the touch;
Those who once trod lightly o'er it,
Dreamed not that its fate was such.
Up the aisles now swept unheeded
Every dreary storm of rain;
For the window could no longer
Of one solitary pane;
And the floor, once white and snowy,
Covered with damp green mould,
While the crawling worm, unnoticed,
Here his revolting dirt did hold.
From the desks the nails had rusted,
And lay scattered on the ground;
While the shattered desks seemed keeping
Mournful time with each sad sound;
On their surface yawned the carvings,
Quaintly wrought by urechin's knife;
But 'ere these the worms were showing
From the elements of strife.
Firm the master's desk was standing,
As of yore, when the power was in
He, with careful hand expanded
Each young bud to form the flower;
And the fool's cap, "sad regalia,"
In the farthest corner lay;
While the spider had bedecked it
With a veil of silver grey.
To the window clung the woodbine,
With the first tinge on its leaf,
And it nodded to the swaying
Of the wind in deepest grief;
Yet a little, and 'twill follow
Those who long since twined it there;
And the casket, old and dingy,
Will be left alone and bare.
All around was sad and dreary—
Spoke of lingering decay;
And the mingled, mournful chorus
Of the voices seemed to say:
"Everything on earth is fading,
No joy lasting but in heaven;
This the last and truest lesson
That old school-house ever has given."

SELECTED TALE.

THE SONG.

It is not to avoid the malediction of
Shakespeare upon such "as have not mu-
sic in themselves, and are not charmed with
the concord of sweet sounds," that I
profess to be fond of music; but because
I am, in truth, extravagantly fond of it.
But I am not fond of French music; and
as for the Italian, I think that any one
who will dare to inflict it upon an Amer-
ican ear, ought to be sent to the Peni-
tentiary without a trial. It is true that
some of the simple, national French airs
are very fine; but there is not one in a
thousand Italian tunes, simple or com-
pound, which is not *manstlaughter*. The
German compositions are decidedly the
best of the Continent of Europe; but
even these are, of late, partaking
so much of the vices of France and Italy,
that they have become scarcely suffer-
able. As yet, however, they may be
safely admitted into a land of liberty and
sense. Scotland has escaped the cor-
ruptions which have crept into the em-
pire of music; and, consequently, her
music recommends itself, with irresistible
charms, to every ear which is not vitiated
by the senseless rattle of the Con-
tinent. Ireland is a little more contam-
inated; but still her compositions retain
enough of their primitive simplicity and
sweetness to entitle them to the patron-
age of all who would cultivate a correct
taste in this interesting department of
the fine arts. I would not be understood
as speaking here without any limitations
or restrictions; but I do maintain, that,
with some few exceptions, all of the soul
of music which is now left in the world
is to be found in Scotland or Ireland.
But Germans, Frenchmen, and Italians
are decidedly the best, that is, the most
expert performers in the world. They
perform all over the world, and, in or-
der to exhibit themselves to the best ad-
vantage, they select the most difficult
and complicated pieces. The people at
large presume that the best performers
must be the best judges of music, and
must make the best selections; they there-
fore forego the trouble of forming an
opinion of their own, and pin their faith
upon the decision, or, rather, the prac-
tice of the masters. It was somewhat
in this way, I presume, that the fash-

ionable music of the day first obtained cur-
rency. Having become prevalent, it has
become tolerable; just as has the use of
tobacco or ardent spirits. And, while
upon this head, I would earnestly recom-
mend to the friends of reform in our fa-
vored country to establish an "Anti-
mad-music Society," in order to sup-
press, if possible, the cruelties of our
modern musical entertainments.
If the instrumental music of France
and Italy be bad, their vocal music is,
if possible, a thousand times worse. Nei-
ther the English nor the Georgia
language furnishes me with a term ex-
pressive of the horrors of a French or
Italian song, as it is agonized forth by
one of its professed singers. The law
should make it justifiable homicide in
any man to kill an Italian in the very
act of inflicting an *air penesore* upon a
refined American ear.
And yet, with all the other European
abominations which have crept into our
highly-favored country, the French and
Italian style of singing and playing has
made its way hither; and it is not un-
common to hear our boarding-school
piping away, not merely in the
style, but in the very language of these
nations. This I can bear very well if
there happen to be a Frenchman or an
Italian present, because I know that he
suffers more from the words than I do
from the music; for I conceive that upon
such occasions I feel something of the
savage malignity which visits the sins of
a nation upon any of its citizens. But
it most frequently happens that I am put
to the torture of which I have been
speaking without this mitigation. It was
thus with me a few evenings ago, at Mrs.
B—'s party.

Tea had been disposed of, and the
nonsensical chit-chat of such occasions
had begun to flag, when I invited Miss
Mary Williams to the piano. She rose
promptly at my request, without any af-
fected airs, and with no other apology
than that "she felt some diffidence at
playing in the presence of Miss Crump."
The piano was an admirable one, and
its tones were exquisitely fine. Mary
seated herself at it, and, after a short but
beautiful prelude, she commenced one
of Burns' plaintive songs, to a tune
which was new to me, but which was
obviously from the poet's own land, and
by one who felt the inspiration of his
verse. The composer and the poet were
both honored by the performer. Mary's
voice was infinitely fine. Her enuncia-
tion was clear and distinct, with just
emphasis enough to give the verse its
appropriate expression, without inter-
rupting the melody of the music; and her
modulations were perfect.

She had closed, and was in the act of
rising, before I awoke from the deligh-
tful reverie into which she had lulled me.
I arrested her, however, and insisted upon
her proceeding, when she gave me one
of Allan Ramsey's best, to measure
equally appropriate. This she followed
with Tannhill's "Gloomy Winter's now
awa," and was again retiring, when my
friend Hall observed, "See, Miss Mary,
you've brought a tear to Mr. Bellwin's
eye, and you must not cease till you
chase it away with some lively air."
My friend was right. The touching
pathos of Mary's voice, conspiring with
a train of reflections which the song in-
spired, had really brought me to tears.
I thought of poor Tannhill's fate. He
was the victim of a bookseller's stupidity.
With men of taste and letters, his
fugitive pieces, particularly his lyrics,
had gained him a well-deserved reputa-
tion; but he was not exempt from the
common lot of authors. He was attack-
ed by the ignorant and the invidious;
and, with the hopeless design of silenc-
ing these, he prepared a volume or more
of his poems with great care, and sent
them to a bookseller for publication.
After the lapse of several weeks, they
were returned without a compliment, or
an offer for them. The mortification and
disappointment were to severe for his
reason. He deserted him, and soon after
he was found dead in tunnel of the burn
which had been the scene of one of his
earliest songs. Unfortunately, in his
madness he destroyed his favorite works.
Such was the train of reflection from
which Mary was kind enough, at the re-
quest of my friend, to relieve me by a
lively Irish air. Had it not been ad-
mirably selected, I could hardly have
borne the transition. But there was
enough of softening melody, mingled
with the brightness of the air, to lead
me gently to a gay mood, in which she
left me.

In the meantime, most of the young
ladies and gentlemen had formed a cir-
cle round Miss Aurelia Emma Theodo-
ra Augusta Crump, and were earnestly
engaged in pressing her to play. One
young lady even went so far as to drop
on her knees before her, and in this po-
ture to beseech "her dear Augusta just
to play the delightful overture of—"
something that sounded to me like "*Blaze
in the frets*." This petition was urged
with such a melting sweetness of voice,
such a bewitching leer at the gentlemen,
and such a theistic heave of the bosom,
that it threw the young gentlemen into
transports. Hall was rude enough to
whisper in mine ear, "that he thought it
indiscreet to expose an unmailed bosom
to a perpendiculus view of a large com-
pany; and he muttered something about
"republican simplicity." I knew not
exactly what he meant. But I assured him
the fair petitioner was so overcome by her
solitude for the evening, that she thought
of nothing else, and was wholly uncon-
scious that there was a gentleman in
the room. As to his insinuation about
"points of view," I convinced him by an
easy argument that it was wholly un-
founded; for that this was the very point
of view in which an exposed neck must

always be seen, while men continue tall-
er than women; and that, as the young
lady must have been apprized of this,
she would hardly take so much trouble
for nothing. But to return.

Miss Crump was inexorable. She de-
clared that she was entirely out of prac-
tice. "She scarcely ever touched the
piano;" "Mamma was always scolding
her for giving so much of her time to
French and Italian, and neglecting her
music and painting; but she told mam-
ma the other day, that it really was so
irksome to her to quit Racine and Dante,
and go to thrumming upon the piano,
that, but for the obligations of filial ob-
edience, she did not think she should ever
touch it again."

Here Mrs. Crump was kind enough,
by the merest accident in the world, to
interpose, and to relieve the company
from further anxiety.

"Augusta, my dear," said she, "go and
play a tune or two; the company will
excuse your hoarseness."

Miss Crump rose immediately at her
mother's bidding, and moved to the
piano, accompanied by a large group of
smiling faces.

"Poor child," said Mrs. Crump as she
went forward, "she is frightened to death.
I wish Augusta could overcome her dif-
fidence."

Miss Crump was educated at Phila-
delphia; she had been taught to sing by
Madam Piguetteski, who was a pupil
of Ma'selle Crokifroggietta, who had
who had sung with Madam Catalani;
and she had taken lessons on the piano
from Signor Buzzifusti, who had played
with Paganini.

She seated herself at the piano, rocked
to the right, then to the left, leaned for-
ward, then backward, and began. She
placed her right hand about midway the
keys, and her left about two octaves be-
low it. She now put off to the right in
a brisk career up the treble notes, and
the left after it. The left then led the
way back, and the right pursued it in like
manner. The right turned, and repeat-
ed its first movement; but the left turned
it this time, hopped over it, and flung it
entirely off the track. It came in again,
however, behind the left on its return,
and passed it in the same style. They
now became highly incensed at each
other, and met furiously on the middle
ground. Here a most awful conflict en-
sued for about the space of ten seconds,
when the right whipped off all of a sud-
den, as I thought, fairly vanquished.—
But I was in the error against which
Jack Randolph cautions us: "It had
only fallen back to a stronger position."
It mounted upon two black keys, and
commenced the note of a rattlesnake.

This had a wonderful effect upon the
left, and placed the doctrine of "snake
charming" beyond dispute. The left
rushed furiously towards it repeatedly,
but seemed invariably panic-struck when
it came within six keys of it, and as in-
variably retired with a tremendous roar-
ing down the bass keys. It continued
its assaults, sometimes by way of the
naturals, sometimes by the way of the
sharps, and sometimes by a zigzag thro'-
both; but all its attempts to dislodge the
right from its stronghold proving inef-
fectual, it came close up to its adversary
and expired.

Any one, or rather, no one can imag-
ine what kind of noises the piano gave
forth during the conflict. Certain it is,
no one can describe them, and, there-
fore, I shall not attempt it.
The battle ended, Miss Augusta mo-
ved as though she would have arisen;
but this was protested against by a num-
ber of voices at once: "One song, my
dear Augusta," said Miss Small; "you
must sing that sweet little French air
you sang in Philadelphia, and which
Madame Piguetteski was so fond of."
Miss Augusta looked pitifully at her
mother, and her mamma looked "sing"
at Miss Augusta; accordingly, she squar-
ed herself for a song.

She brought her hands to the campus
this time in fine style, and they seemed
now to be perfectly reconciled to each
other. They commenced a kind of col-
loquy; the right whispering to the left
softly, and the left responding back very
loudly. The conference had been kept
up until I began to desire a change of
the subject, when my ear caught, indis-
tinctly, some very curious sounds, which
appeared to proceed from the lips of
Miss Augusta; they seemed to be com-
pounded of a dry cough, a grunt, a hic-
cough, and a whisper; and they were in-
troduced, it appeared to me, as interpre-
ters between the right and left. Things
progressed in this way for about the space
of fifteen seconds, when I happened to
direct my attention to Mr. Jenkins, from
Philadelphia. His eyes were closed,
his head rolled gracefully from side to
side; a beam of heavenly complacency
rested upon his countenance; and his
whole man gave irresistible demonstra-
tion that Miss Crump's music made him
feel good all over. I had just turned
from the contemplation of Mr. Jenkins' re-
sponses, to see whether I could extract
from the performance anything intelli-
gible, when Miss Crump made a fly-catch-
ing grab at half a dozen keys in a row,
and at the same instant she fetched a
long, diphthongic-croak-crow, at the conclu-
sion of which she grabbed as many keys
with the left. This came over Jenkins
like a warm bath, and over me like a
rake of bamboo briars.

My nerves had not recovered from this
shock before Miss Augusta repeated the
movement, and accompanied it with a
squelch of a pinched cat. This threw me
into an ague fit; but, from respect to the
performer, I maintained my position.—
She now made a third grab with the
right, bowed the head of six keys in a
row with the left, and at the same time
rattled out of the most unearthly howls

that ever issued from the throat of a hu-
man being. This seemed the signal for
universal uproar and destruction. She
now threw away all reserve, and charg-
ed the piano with her whole force. She
boxed it, she clawed it, she raked it, she
scraped it. Her neck-vein swelled, her
chin flew up, her face flushed, her eye
glared, her bosom heaved; she screamed,
she howled, she yelled, she cackled, and
was in the act of dwelling upon the note of
screach-owl, when I took the St. Vitus's
dance and rushed out of the room.—
"Good Lord," said a by-stander, "if this
be her singing, what must her crying be!"

As I reached the door I heard a voice
exclaim, "By heavens! she's the most
enchanting performer I ever heard in my
life!" I turned to see who was the au-
thor of this ill-timed compliment and
who should it be but Nick Truck, from
Lincoln, who seven years before was
dancing "Possum up a Gum-tree" in the
chimney-corner of his father's kitchen.
Nick had entered the counting-room of a
merchant in Charleston some five or
six years before; had been sent out as
supercargo of a vessel to Bordeaux, and,
while the vessel was delivering one cargo
and taking in another, had contracted a
wonderful relish for French music.

As for myself, I went home in convul-
sions, took sixty drops of laudanum, and
fell asleep. I dreamed that I was in a
beautiful city, the streets of which inter-
sected each other at right angles; that
the birds of the air and the beasts of the
forest had gathered there for battle, the
former led on by a Frenchman, the lat-
ter by an Italian; that I was looking on
their movements towards each other, when
I heard the cry of "Hecate is com-
ing!" I turned my eye to the north-
east, and saw a female flying through the
air towards the city, and distinctly re-
cognised in her the features of Miss
Crump. I took the alarm and was mak-
ing my escape, when she gave com-
mand for the beasts and birds to fall on
me. They did so, and with all the noise
of the animal world, were in the act of
tearing me to pieces, when I was
waked by the stepping of Hall, my
room-mate, into bed.

"Oh, my dear sir," exclaimed I, "you
have waked me from a horrible dream.
What o'clock is it?"

"Ten minutes after twelve," said he.
"And where have you been to this late
hour?"

"I have just returned from the party."
"And what kept you so late?"

"Why, I disliked to retire while Miss
Crump was playing."
"In mercy's name!" said I, "is she
playing yet?"

"Yes," said he; "I had to leave her
playing at last."
"And where was Jenkins?"

"He was there, still in ecstasies, and
urging her to play on."
"And where was Truck?"

"He was asleep."
"And what was she playing?"

"An Italian."
Here I swooned and heard no more.

THE REPORTED STORY OF THE FATE OF
KATE HASTINGS.

In Paris, recently, we hear of the
death of one of the most notorious of
New York courtesans. No turn-out on
Broadway equalled hers—no liveries
more tasteful—no horses more spirited—
no couple more neat and distinctive.—
Her house was the resort of statesmen,
politicians, merchants, and all sorts of
people. She was as notorious as Broad-
way itself.
After numerous adventures, which we
shall not detail, this woman formed the
acquaintance of a shrewd old French
woman who pretended to be a spiritual
medium. The courtesan got up "cir-
cles" at her house, which were attended
by numerous respectable people so called.
She was pronounced a "seeing med-
ium," and strange things were said to
transpire in a mysterious room which
was reserved entirely for the "circle."
The chief priestess was the old French
woman who persuaded the usually quick-
witted courtesan that she might thus ob-
tain a title of nobility. The spirits had
informed the old woman that a barber
near Bond street (the old woman's repu-
tation was an illegitimate son of the
King of Denmark. The courtesan be-
lieved this story and married the barber.
She sold all her property, amounting to
twenty thousand dollars or more, and
then went abroad to look for the large
title and estates which her husband was
to have as the gift of his Majesty of Den-
mark. The party went to Hamburg,
where the poor deluded victim was por-
sued by the "spirits" that she was an-
cient, and that the King would settle a
large sum on her child and make her a
countess. She believed everything and
only awoke from her dream when her
new husband walked off with all her
furniture, leaving her entirely destitute, in
debt, and in a foreign land. The re-
mainder of the story is not quite clear,
but it is stated that the deserted woman
found her way to Paris, and there died
miserable in a public hospital.

We are encompassed with accidents
every day to crush the decaying tenements
we inhabit. The seeds of disease are
planted in our constitution by nature.
The earth and atmosphere whence we
draw the breath of life, are impregnated
with death; health is made to operate
to its own destruction. Death lurks in
ambush among the paths. Notwithstanding
this truth is so palpably confirmed
by the daily examples before our eyes,
how little do we lay it to heart. We
see our friends and neighbors die, but
how seldom does it occur to our thoughts
that our knell may give the next morn-
ing to the world.

MISCELLANY.

Flowers.

"Gilt they seem, yet each to thoughtful eye,
Glow with more poetry."

The Flowers!
Oh, they are glorious in the morning light,
Of a spring morning—beautiful and bright
As Childhood's hours.

They seem
Radiant with promise of the blissful day—
The rain-bow tints that gild their childhood's
way.

In Life's first dream.
They bring
All fond emotions to our hearts once more,
The faces, forms we loved so well before
Hope first took wing.

They tell
Of love's first meeting, vows that now are broken
Th' tears and sighs 'mid which all sad wasp's
The word—Farewell.

At eve
Flowers 'mid the Autumn have a witching charm
Pouring a comfort and a breath of balm
O'er hearts that grieve.

For then
When the gay glitter of Life's day is gone,
When earthly Hope is like a primrose wan,
In the dark glen;

And Love,
Even as a rose o'er which the storm hath pass'd
Scattering its leaves on the relentless blast,
Seems borne above;

The heart
Looks for the coming of that fadeless day
When we shall meet th' friends now pass'd away
Never to part.

And where
Flowers of all glory, and all beauty, bloom,
Touch'd by no night, and fearless of the tomb,
Forever fair.

Time.
O'er never chide the wing of Time,
Or say 'tis tardy in his flight;
You'll find the days speed quick enough
If ye but husband them aright.

The span of life is waiting fast,
Beware, unthinking youth, beware;
The soul's ETERNITY depends
Upon the record MOMENTS bear.

Time is, indeed, a precious boon,
But with the boon a task is given;
The heart must learn its duty well
To Man on earth and God in heaven.

Take heed, then, play not with time hours,
Beware, unthinking youth, beware;
The one who acts the part he ought,
Will have but LITTLE TIME TO SPARE.

From Dr. Hall's Journal of Health.

What Appetite Means.

"Asking for," that is the meaning.—
Who asks? Nature; in other words,
the law of our being, the instinct of
self-preservation, wisely and benevo-
lently implanted in every living thing,
whether animal, worm, or weed.

Yielding to this appetite is the preser-
vation of all life and health, below
man; he alone exceeds it, and in con-
sequence, sickness and dies thereby
long before his prime, in countless in-
stances.

The fact is not recognized as gener-
ally as it ought to be, that a proper at-
tention to the "askings" of the true,
not only maintains health, but is also
one of the safest, surest, and most per-
manent methods of curing disease.

It is eating without an appetite, which
in many instances, is the least pound
which breaks the camel's back; nature
had taken away the appetite, had closed
the house for necessary repairs, but in
spite of her, we "forced down some food,"
and days, and weeks, and months of
illness followed, if not cholera cramp,
sholic, or sudden death.

In disease, there are few who cannot
recall instances where a person was
supposed to be in a dying condition,
and in the delirium of fever, or other-
wise, had arisen and gone to the pall or
pitcher, and drank an enormous quantity
of water, or have gone to the pantry,
and eaten largely of some unusual food,
and forthwith began to recover. We
frequently speak of persons getting well
having the strongest kind of appetite,
the indulgence of which reason and
science would say, would be fatal.

We found out, many years ago, when
engaged in the general practice of medi-
cine, that when the patient was con-
valescing, the best general rule was, *eat
not an atom you do not relish; eat any-
thing your appetite craves, from pickle
to sole-leather*. Nature is like a
perfect housekeeper; she knows better
what is wanting in her house than any-
body else can tell her. The body in
disease craves that kind of food which
contains the aliment it needs. This is
one of the most important facts in hu-
man hygiene; and yet we do not recol-
lect to have ever seen it embodied in
so many words. We have done so, to re-
member it practical; and to make it re-
membered, we state a fact of recent oc-
currence.

Some three years ago a daughter of
James Damon, of Chesterfield, fell down
a flight of stairs, bringing on an illness
from which it was feared she would not
recover. She did, however, except the
loss of hearing and sight. Her appetite,
for some weeks, called for nothing but
raisins and candy, and since last fall,
nothing but apples were eaten. A few
weeks ago she commenced eating apple
buds; since which time she has nearly
regained her former health and activity,
and her sight and hearing are restored.

We all, perhaps, have observed that
cats and other animals, when appar-
ently ill, go out and crop a particular grass
or weed. In applying these facts, let us
remember to indulge this "asking for" of
nature, in sickness, especially in modera-
tion; feeling our way along by gradually
increasing amounts; thus keeping on
the safe side. We make this one of our
earliest and most inflexible rules of
practice.

A traveler who lately passed
through Kansas, says he did not see a
negro from the time he left Leavenworth
until he arrived at Fort Riley.

Ex-Senator Atchison in Kansas.

"Swoop a minute, boys," said one of
the other party, "Old Dave's coming;
he'll be along in about ten minutes."

"What Dave?" I asked one of the
invaders near me.

"Dave Atchison," he said.

And he spoke the truth. David R.
Atchison, once the Representative of
Missouri in the Senate of the United
States, was the leader of the armed rab-
ble from Platte County, who came to
Kansas, as they publicly boasted, to
burn our property and slaughter North-
ern men, whose only crime was loyalty
to the North and her political ideas. If
you wish to be known, Missouri, as the
Pirate State, elect him to the high office
of Senator once more!

Among the crowd I saw Mr. Stearns,
late of *The Parkville Southern Demo-*
crat, who said, as he saw me: "Gentle-
man, I'll release this prisoner; I in-
dorse this 'man, and if he indorses his
companions they can go." This man
indorses his companions, and they walk
ed to Lawrence without delay or limp-
ing.

THE SWORD OF THE LORD AND GIBSON.

"There was no Sabbath in revolu-
tionary times," said Daniel Webster. I
remembered this saying in going up
stairs, as I met the Rev. Mr. Knight, a
Free State clergyman of my acquain-
tance. The last time I saw him he was
in the pulpit, with a white cravat on,
and an open Bible before him. Now he
was dressed without the clerical
"choker," and a short sword was hang-
ing by his side! Another clergyman,
Mr. Tuten, was an officer in the Free
State army!

NOW THEY GOT A CANNON INTO LAWRENCE.

A twelve-pounder was sent from New-
York to Lawrence. When the war
broke out it was at Kansas City and an
invading camp between the two places.
How to get it to Lawrence was the ques-
tion of the day. Messrs. Buffum volun-
teered to bring it up. They went to Kan-
sas City and got the boxes in which it
was packed. As they were ascending a
hill, a posse of forty invaders came
down upon them, and said they must
examine the boxes, as they believed them
to contain Sharp's rifles.

"Oh, no, boys," said Buffum, "it's
part of a carriage; here, hand me an
ax and I'll show you a wheel."

He took an ax and split open part of
the box, in which one of the wheels of
the cannon was packed. This ruse
succeeded.

"What's the reason your horses draw
so heavy?" asked another of the posse.

"Oh," said Buffum, "they're tired;
won't you give us a shove up the hill,
boys?"

Several of the invaders put their
"shoulders to the wheel," and assisted
the horses in ascending with their load.

A vote of thanks was proposed at the
Mass Meeting held at Lawrence on
Monday night to these assistants, but,
as their names were unknown, a request
was made that all the newspapers favor-
able to Freedom in Kansas would pub-
lish the circumstance and thank them
in the name of the people of "Yankee
town."—*Cor. Mo. Democrat.*

A RUSSIAN SECT.—There is a sect in
Russia called Malakani, or Millenar-
ians. Their leader and founder was Ter-
enti, who pretended that he was sent
from God, and was the prophet Elias.
He announced, in 1833, that the Lord
would appear in two years and a half,
and fixed the day when he himself, like
Elijah, should be carried up to heaven
in a chariot of fire. The moment arriv-
ed, and thousands of his followers came
from all parts of Russia to witness the
miracle. Terenti appeared, majestically
seated upon a chariot; he ordered the
multitude to prostrate themselves, and
then, opening his arms like an eagle
spreading his wings, he leapt into the
air. The poor prophet fell heavily,
and bruised an old woman who was near
his car. The Malakani, irritated at
having been duped, seized Terenti and
delivered him to the police, who cast
him into prison, where he persisted in
declaring himself the prophet of God.
He died soon after, but many still be-
lieve in his divine mission.

CALLING FOR HELP.—When Dick
Alma first crossed into New York State
from the Canada side, he took lodging
at an inn in Canandaigua. A waiting
maid sat at the table with him, and Dick
spoke of her as the servant, to the no
small scandal of the host, who told him
that in his house the servants were called
"help."

Next morning the whole house was
alarmed by a loud shouting from Dick
of—
"Help! help! water! water!"

In an instant every person equal to
the task rushed into Dick's room with a
pail of water.

"I am much obliged to you, to be
sure," said Dick, "but here is more
than I want to have with me."

"Shave with it!" quothmine host; "you
called help, and water, and we thought
the house was on fire."

"You told me to call the servant help,
and do you think I would cry water
when I meant fire?"

"Give it up," said the landlord, as he
led off the time of Buckets.

A person out in Iowa is offering
for sale grass-seed gathered from "the path
of rectitude." A religious newspaper
says that the seed must be badly over-
grown with grass, as it is so little val-
ued now-a-days.